

Gr. 1, Theme 9, Story 2
The New Friend, Fluency

brushes	before	wishes	boxes	school
pretty	families	done	unloaded	repack

Martin, Luis, and I lived in the city. Next door was an old house.
No one had lived there for a long time. One day a work crew came
with pails and brushes. They started to wash and paint
the empty house. After they were done, and the paint had dried,
the house looked pretty new. The next day a big truck pulled up.
It was full of crates and boxes. A crew unloaded the boxes
off the truck. A new family would soon live there.
Today Louis went over to the house next door.
He met a boy called Makoto. Then we all met Makoto.
Makoto was seven years old— just like us. Before long,
we found out that Makoto played soccer.
He could keep running and running. He was good at learning things,
too. He learned all of our names by the end of the game.
Soon Makoto's family was all moved in.
We met his mother and father. They were glad that Makoto
had made some friends. While Makoto's mother and father
went in to buy food, Makoto stayed and played with us.
When Makoto's mother and father rejoined us, Martin,
Makoto, and I helped them carry the bags into the house.

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